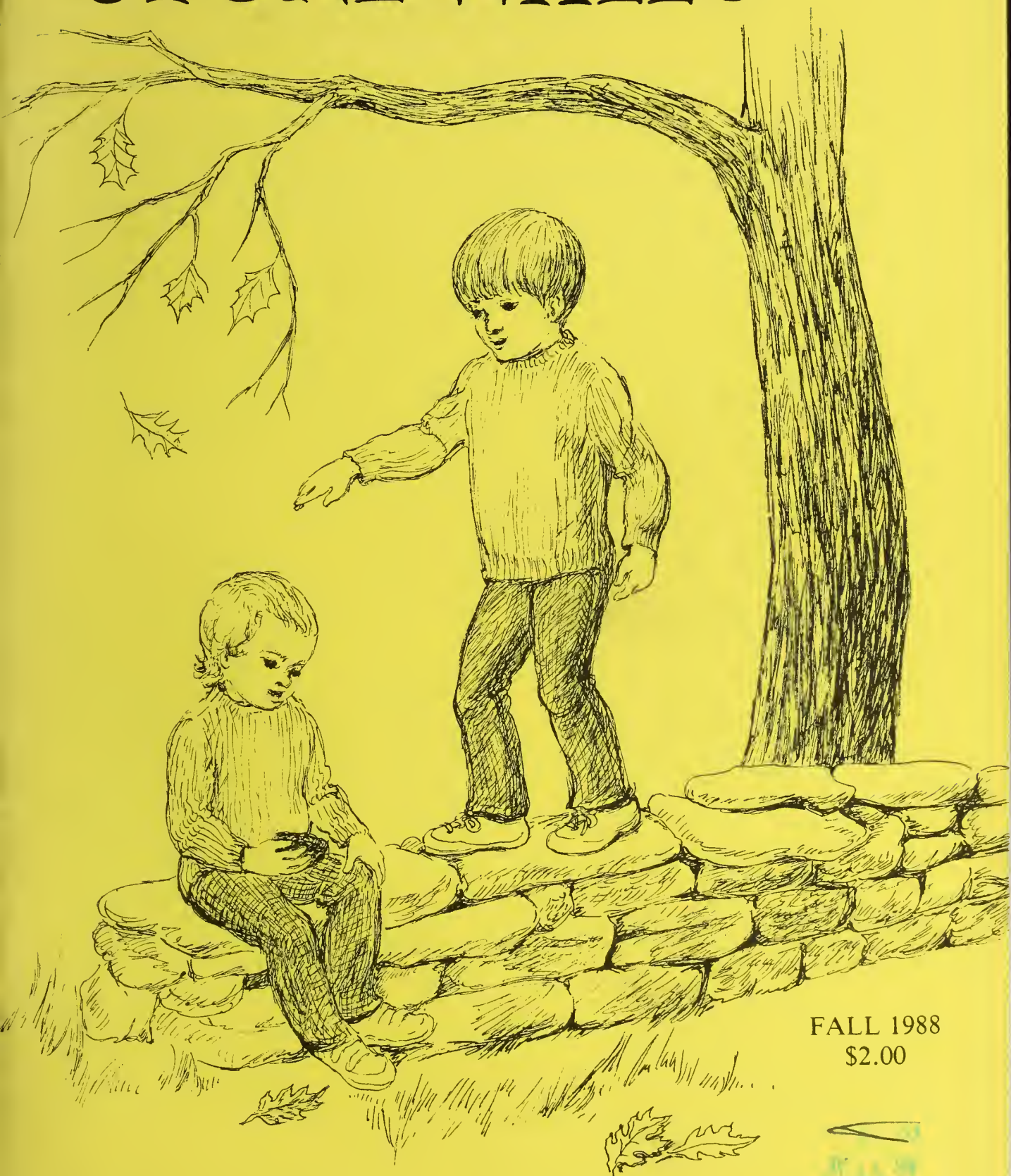


STONE WALLS



FALL 1988
\$2.00

~~NOV 31~~
NOV 31
NOV '91

EDITORIAL

As you can see in our Annual Report, *Stone Walls* does not pay its way in the usual financial sense. Since we have been publishing, the printing costs have risen faster than the price of the publication. Many of our readers earned their income in the days when a dollar was worth much more, so we don't want to increase the price of the magazine.

It takes tag sales, Art's Lottery money and, most important, contributions from our readers to keep us going. The board and writers and artists volunteer their time and talent. We are very grateful for all of this generosity. The story of these Western Massachusetts towns as told by the ordinary people who live here seems to be never-ending. To cope with the many changes in these times, it helps to know what happened here in the past. It is the telling of this story to which we contribute when we add extra to our *Stone Walls* renewal to be listed as a friend.

Natalie Birrell

Cover drawing by Natalie Birrell

STONE WALLS

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STONE WALLS is published quarterly. Subscriptions are \$7.00 a year, \$2.00 for individual copies. Please add 80 cents with a special request for any back issue to be mailed. The retail price of individual copies may be modified only with the permission of the Editorial Board. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts and illustrations from and about the hilltowns of the Berkshires. The editors of STONE WALLS assume no responsibility for non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with self addressed envelope and sufficient postage. We also welcome letters from our readers. No portions of this publication may be reproduced in any form, with the exception of brief excerpts for review purposes, without the express consent of the editors of STONE WALLS. Due to the fact that we are a non-profit making publication, we will continue to publish our magazine as long as it is financially possible. If at any time we are unable to continue, we will be under no obligation to refund any subscription.

STONE WALLS 1988

ANNUAL REPORT

June 30, 1988

July 1, 1987

Balance \$3109.10

July 1, 1987 to June 30, 1988

Income

189 subscriptions	1308.00
Interest	129.24
Sales	827.50
Ads.....	350.00
Gifts.	585.00
Grants.....	250.00
Tag Sale	10.00

Total Income \$3459.74

TOTAL \$6568.84

July 1, 1987 to June 30, 1988

Expenses

Printing	\$2900.00
Postage.....	115.12
Permits.....	50.00
Box Rent.	5.00
Typeset.	1422.50
Supplies.....	10.40
Fees.....	25.00
Advertise	9.20

Total Expenses \$4537.22

July 1, 1988 Balance..... \$2031.62

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PART III

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS AND ARRIVAL IN OREGON

(Samuel Campbell was born and grew up in Chester)

I mentioned buying a cow at Independence together with our other equipment. After being on the move with hard days travel for a couple weeks, our cow was still giving a very good supply of milk and this helped a lot in the matter of our food. We found by putting the milk in a receptacle large enough to permit the milk to splash around with the continual jostle of the wagon over the rough road, that by night we would have quite a supply of butter and without any hand churning, but effective and practical.

Our daily travels and experience differing in some respect every day, and the warm sunshine of spring as we slowly wended our way through the beautiful Platte Valley with its waving grass, herds of buffalo and occasionally a few antelope in view in the distance, it was inspiring. I now fully realized what the desire was that had been in the back of my head for a long time concerning this trip, and it was now being fulfilled and I was more enthusiastic every day.

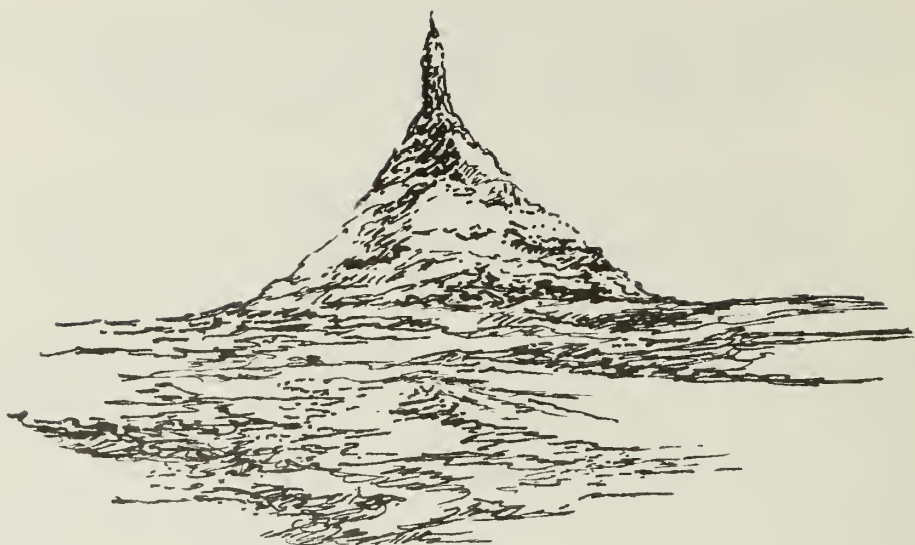
I was happy to note an improvement in the general attitude of Brother William. For indeed, time and the ever-changing scenes of life are a curative, and effective way to appease the griefs and sorrows which have overtaken us.

Most all the men had an abundance of ammunition and when we were not hunting after making camp in the evening, we would shoot at targets. There was scarce-

ly a man that was not good enough marksman to hit an object as large as a playing card at a distance of fifty yards. The reader should remember that the rifles we had in those days were not the type of today. The old muzzle loading kind took much longer to load. So when the gun was loaded the marksman was more likely to make every shot count for something more than if he could throw in another shell or load by the jerking of a lever as we do today.

Shooting buffalo from a running horse was successful to some extent but not as successful as some authors have claimed. Many of these animals were killed in that manner, however. After one shot the gun had to be loaded and to do this with a horse at full speed and him jumping to miss the badger holes or keeping away from a bull buffalo, was difficult and considerable time was consumed in reloading. These old rifles were long barrelled and by the time the powder was tamped in with the ram-rod, the bullet pushed in and a cap put on the hammer, the herd and your horse had traveled some distance, and if one had mercy for his horse, about the second loading and shooting would be enough for one trip or chase.

As we proceeded westward, the buffalo became more plentiful and we had plenty of this type of meat. One large herd on the run came through our wagon train and created a dust and confusion that al-



most stampeded our stock. A buffalo bull, when crowded, will lower his shaggy head and fight most anything.

The next day we came in sight of Chimney Rock, a landmark which stands about three miles from the Platte River. It can be seen for many miles on a clear day. How many centuries it has been in forming, and stood as a beacon on the Platte landscape would be a question perhaps for even a geologist to ponder and study. We were now to a point where our road was taking us along the banks of the south fork of the Platte River and after a day's travel, we came to where the river had to be forded.

The sky was heavily overcast with black ominous looking clouds and by the time one half or more of the wagons had crossed, two or three wagons were still in the mid-stream when a terrific storm of wind, lightning and rain hit. It was so intense that it stopped the teams in the river. The drivers called out at the top of their voices that their wagons were settling in the sand and something had to be done immediately or the teams and wagons would be lost. Several of the men

who had already made the ford hurriedly procured heavy ropes and waded out almost armpit deep in the waters with one end of these ropes, and then fastened them to the front ends of the wagons and ox teams. On the river banks were hitched oxen who had already crossed, and with the ropes and this added power, together with the men in the river lifting on the wagons, they were brought out without the loss of one. Most of the contents of the wagons were soaked with water as they had remained in the river long enough for the water to enter through the beds, even though they were supposed to be watertight.

Leaving the south fork of the Platte, we passed over a rolling country a distance of twenty miles, then came to the north fork at a place called Ash Hollow. There our route was up the right bank to what was known as the Laramie Fork and up to Fort Laramie.

We were supposed to be out of the Pawnee Indian country. There were a few white men at this fort or trading post, but the personnel consisted mostly of a mixture of nationalities. The whites were, ex-



Hundreds of immigrants left their initials here.

cept for the factor, squaw men for the most part, who were engaged in trapping. The supplies this place had to offer the emigrants were very meager and the prices several hundred per cent higher than in the states, which of course was due to the long transportation time. These trading posts were operated largely for the Indian trade and to deal with the trappers for their furs.

After leaving Fort Laramie, we entered the Sioux Indian territory and passed over what was known as the Black Hills, then we came down to the North Platte River, which we followed for two days' travel and then had to ford it. The water was deep enough to swim an ox in places even at the place marked as the ford. We tested these fords first with our riding horses and, in this case, we attached ropes to the

tongue of the wagons and directed the course of the ox teams with the saddle horses. The bedding and the more perishable equipment was removed from the wagons, not provided with water tight beds, and we ferried over these things on improvised rafts made of driftwood with skins stretched over the top.

* * * * *

There were high cliffs of rocks on the opposite side of the Sweetwater from us. We had seen mountain sheep on the very top, but they were too far away for our guns. We were now in what was called, in the emigrants days, the South Pass, but we were still ascending. A high mountain range could be seen towering high into the clouds far to the north of us, which was to our right. These were in the Wind River

Mountains which were in sight as we came up the Sweetwater. We were soon on what looked to be a vast plain, perfectly level for miles, but the Wind River range was still showing majestically above the northern horizon.

Notwithstanding our level plain we very soon came to a small spring branch. In looking closely at the water it appeared to be running upgrade, the direction we were traveling. I examined my map and estimated the distance we were from Independence Rock and we decided that this water came from what was called Pacific Springs, which is on the summit or top of the Continental Divide. The water of this creek flowing as it was, showed that we were at the starting of the western slope of the Rockies.

We made an encampment here and remained for a day. The altitude was so high some of the folk complained of being short of breath. Our map and way bill cautioned us to be sure and fill our kegs and canteens at this point, because it was forty miles to the next water. There was considerable alkali appearing here and in places where water stood, the ground was perfectly white with it. The women collected some of the alkali or saleratus and used it in baking. Fuel was hard to find, but by digging trenches in the ground we managed to have a very good fire by burning sage-brush and grease-wood.

Leaving the Pacific Springs camp we soon came to where the roads forked. One road was called Greenwood's Cut-Off and the left road would take us to Fort Bridger, which was the road we chose. The country soon became more hilly and we were now in an arid climate and all the vegetation looked scorched and badly in need of water. The grass and grazing outlook was not encouraging. The road was very poor, with just a few scattered wagon tracks showing in the burnt soil.

Eighteen miles per day was the best we could do now.

We finally arrived at Fort Bridger. (I was never sure why these early trading posts were called forts.) Anyway, this fort was very much like Fort Laramie as it was inhabited, and looked better than the barren country we had just recently come through. This fort had been established to trade with the Indians by James Bridger, a trader, trapper, and scout of pioneer areas. He was in the party which discovered the Oregon Trail and was the first white man to have visited Great Salt Lake. We were very happy to meet the people at this fort, and we rested here and repaired the wagons that needed it.

Our next place of note was Green River, a place of considerable importance with the earlier emigrants. It was sometimes called the "Rendezvous." Continuing on our way from Fort Bridger, we forded Ham's and Black's forks, tributaries of the Green River. We had been informed that we were now in a country occupied by a type of Indians who were noted for horse-stealing, so we were more watchful at night of our horses and stock, as we had seen several different camps of this new tribe of Indians soon after leaving Fort Bridger. We found the Green River ford at a low stage so we had no difficulty in fording it.

We had been tethering our riding horses outside the wagon circle at night so they could get better grass. The night guards would change them during the night if the grass was not good enough to afford them all they needed throughout the night, without a change of picket pin.

The system an Indian used in stealing a horse at night was to approach the camp to a point where he could leave his own horse. Then when nearing a camp and the horses, he would drop down and crawl

through the grass. If the night was very dark he would not be seen, even by a guard who was quite near. The Indian would crawl to the nearest horse, find the stake rope and untie or cut it from the picket pin, then still staying low, would slowly lead the horse away.

It was reported that these Indians considered it an honor to be able to steal a horse from a white man. So perhaps they did this more for the honor than for the real value of the horse. Anyway, we did not feel that we owed these braves any such honor at this time. So we kept a diligent watch for the protection of our herds, as well as for our scalps to remain as a head covering for our own pates.

Our first camp after crossing the Green River, I went on watch at midnight. I was stationed a hundred yards from the nearest wagon and in the midst of several horses. I got myself oriented, so to speak, and found that by looking sharply I could see every horse in the camp, even though some of them were several hundred feet away from me. I had been about an hour watching and my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, when I heard a horse not far from me make a surprised snort, but not a loud noise, just enough to attract my attention. I noticed some of the other horses quit feeding for an instant and looked in the direction of the horse which had made the noise.

This caused me to be on the alert, and I watched the spot where this horse was to see if I could make out what disturbed him, and by walking slowly toward him with another horse nearer me to offer a shield, I was better able to see what was happening. The horse I was watching began to move away and continued to walk until I was sure he had gone as far as his picket rope would permit him to move in one direction. He continued to go until I was sure that he was either loosened from

his picket pin or was being led away. I endeavored my utmost to see what was causing the horse to move away, but could see nothing. I decided to take a chance with my rifle, but wished I had a shotgun loaded with buckshot, as the night was too dark to do anything like accurate shooting with a rifle. I took the best aim I could at the spot where I thought that if an Indian was leading the horse, I might get him, or come near hitting him enough so that he would drop the rope and get on over the hill.

An instant after the report of my gun, I thought I heard a grunt, but this noise could have been made by one of the horses. My shot attracted the other guards, of course. We went out and looked where I had directed my shot but found nothing. The horse turned in a circle when I shot and we found that his rope had been cut about ten feet from the stake.

We looked again at daylight and found an arrow, but the grass was mashed down and a tiny piece of blanket, which wasn't larger than a dime. We concluded that the evidence showed we had been visited by an Indian who admired one of our horses and was leading him away, but the shot caused him to have a change of heart. He might have carried a souvenir away with him, for if the bullet I fired over his way did not hit him, it came so near that it made him grunt, unless my ears deceived me.

Resuming our westward travels, we were now near the Bear River Mountains, which formed the rim of the Great Salt Lake Basin. We did not always find water when it was necessary to make a camp. In some instances we could get water by carrying it from a distant spring or creek. After a day's travel from Green River, along toward evening we descended a long hill and when at its foot we were in the Bear River Valley. Here we found



sagebrush and much sand and not much grass. Another day's travel brought us to the celebrated Soda Springs where we made an encampment and rested for a day, and attended our wagons. There were numerous springs in the Bear River and some of them gush up a few feet and

the water is warm. The mineral substance in this water forms into what has the appearance of being limestone. Leaving the valley of the sand and sagebrush, we went over quite a high divide then descended into the valley of the Snake River, originally called the Lewis River, taking this name in honor of the explorer Lewis.

The water of the Snake River is clear and cold enough for very good drinking water. I fell in love and greatly admired the country west of the Rockies. One reason was because of the creek and river waters being so clear, which is in sharp contrast to the waters of the Mississippi River watershed. The western streams have usually a strong current and the beds of the rivers or creeks are more liable to be sandy or rocky.

The ford for the Snake River had been chosen by the earlier travelers where two islands divided the river into three channels. It required a whole day to get our outfits over the river, but the task was accomplished without the loss of an animal or any equipment.

The women were ferried over on a raft. Logs were fastened to the sides of the wagons which helped them to float where the water was the deepest. In making this ford of the Snake, the utmost care was used, for the current was strong and the water very cold. The best riding horses and swimmers were selected and these went ahead of the ox teams, with a rope fastened to the head team of oxen, and in this way the best and proper fording place was followed. Man, horse, and oxen would swim in places and the wagons either floated or submerged. Good swimmers went on either side of the wagons and held to them which tended to keep them from tilting sidewise when in the deepest water.

* * * * *

Leaving the Powder River Valley and over more hills for several miles, we went down into the celebrated Grande Ronde Valley. This valley is surrounded by rather high mountains. The fine little river, bearing the same name, passes through the mountains to where it enters the Snake River, fifty or more miles from this valley. The Snake River turns from the valley where we last saw it and enters a deep box canyon through a mountain gorge with perpendicular walls. This valley is at the foot of the Blue Mountains, the valley being on the east side of the mountain range.

Our camp was on a spring branch which empties into the Grande Ronde River. This encampment was declared by us all, to be the prettiest camp that we had seen since starting on our westward journey. It abounded in trout, and the hunting was excellent: prairie chickens, pheasants, deer, and bear back in the mountains.

Cottonwoods along the small stream were still green and fresh looking, even though it was late August, but some of the leaves on the mountain side were turning and the coloring of the deciduous timber intermingled with the evergreens, the yellow pine and firs, made a most beautiful scene. It was a delight to behold after being on the open prairie and in the dry, arid valleys for so many miles of our trip. It was an inspiration and gave us high hope of the land on which our aspirations and ambitions had been built long before our departure from our homes and loved ones, now far behind us. This was such a lovely place for a camp. The fishing and hunting being so good, that the company remained here for two days.

There was a large camp of Cayuse Indians about three miles north of our camp. We had met and talked with them and they seemed friendly. I had loaned my rifle to a friend, young Dave Bean. When

he came in from hunting on the mountain, there were several of these Indians at our camp. Bean came up to where I was standing near a wagon and handed me my gun. I noticed that the cap was still on the hammer, so I laid the gun barrel in the crook of my arm with the muzzle pointing upward, and started to remove the cap. These old rifles were nearly as long as a fence rail, so the muzzle was quite high. The biggest Indian I had ever seen, stepped up to see the size of the bore of the rifle. He had to tip-toe to see it; when my thumb happened to slip off the hammer and "bang" went the gun. The bullet must not have missed the Indian very far, perhaps only inches. The Indian jumped back and screamed, "Wah wah!" All the Indians standing around, as well as the whites, laughed and made wisecracks. The big Indian and I did not join in the mirth. I do not know which was more frightened, him or me.

(Samuel Campbell stayed at this camp for twelve days waiting for his brother and another family to catch up with him. They then continued on the trail which passed over the Blue Mountains.)

A wonderful view of the Cascade Range, far to the south, was enjoyed from the summit of the Blue Mountains. The Columbia River was even visible from one point.

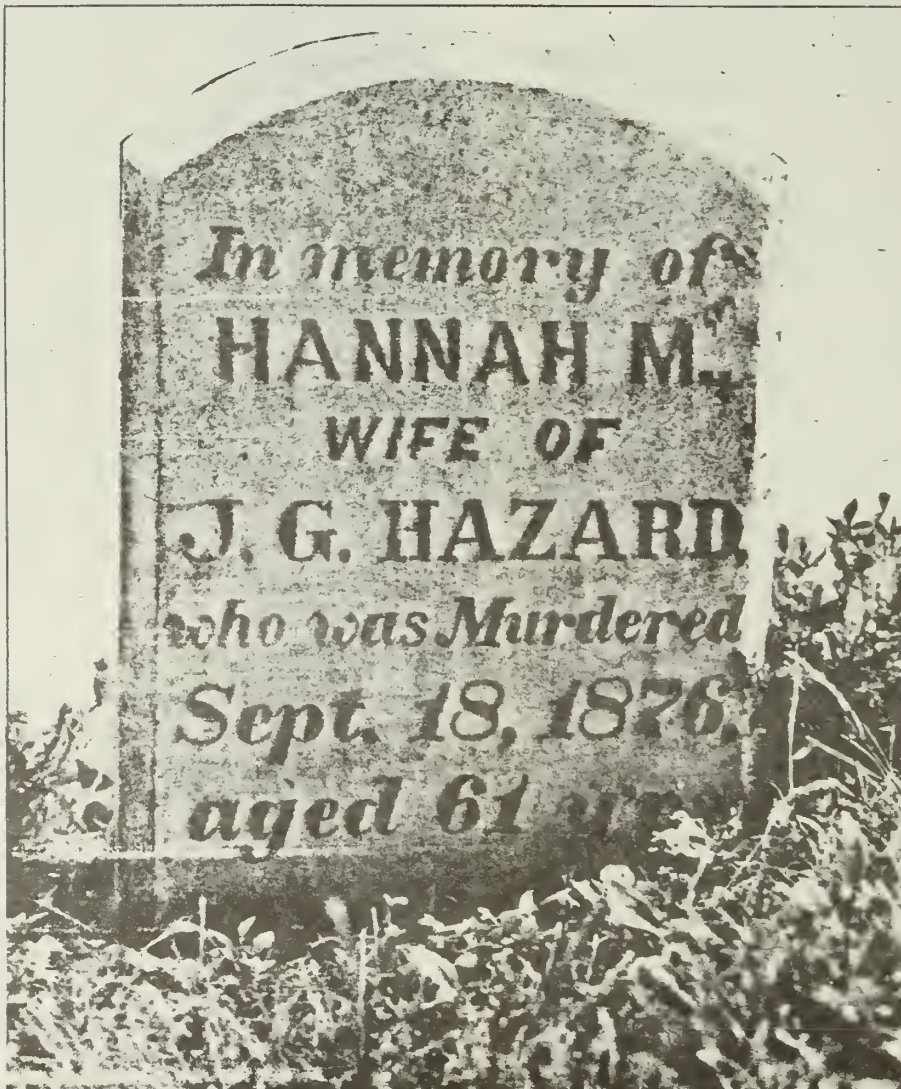
From the western foot of the Blue Mountains was where we crossed the beautiful Walla Walla Valley, a distance of thirty miles to the Whitman Mission. A fine stand of bunch grass covered this valley and as it waved in the gentle breeze it reminded one of the ripples or wavelets of a mighty inland sea.

We arrived at Waiilatpu, or the Whitman Mission, on the tenth day of October, 1846; having been on the road since the twenty-seventh of April, nearly five and one-half months.

Murder at Otis

PART II

by Lucy Conant

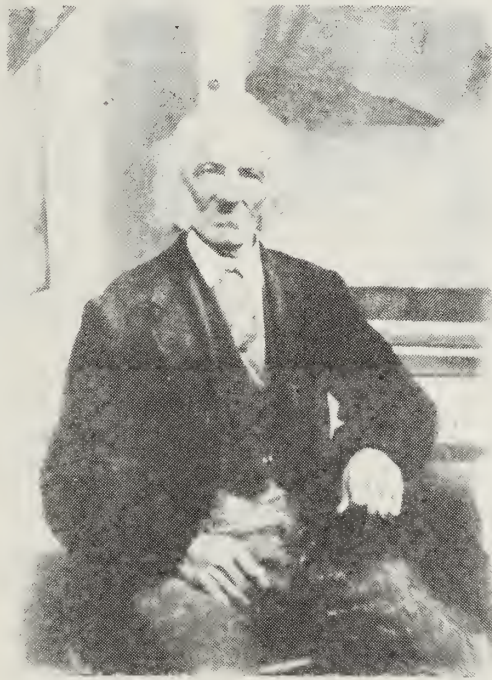


This stone marks the grave of Hannah M. Hazard who was murdered in 1876.

The editors of *Stone Walls* are always delighted when new information is obtained which follows up on articles previously published. What had been one brief article can become a continuing story with new facts and dimensions.

In the winter 1987-1988 issue of *Stone Walls* was printed a clipping from the *Hampshire Gazette*, dated September 26, 1876, on "*Murder at Otis*," describing the murder of Mrs. Jeptha Hazard by Charles Wood. Mrs. Ethel Rice of Chester read the article and realized that the Hazards were relatives of her late husband. She contacted Mrs. Louise Rice Trudeau also of Chester who provided us with pictures and additional information about Mrs. Hannah Hazard, her great, great grandmother.

An article in the *Berkshire Sampler*, October 14, 1979, tells what happened to Charles Wood, the accused murderer. He was a Frenchman who had been employed as a handyman in several southern Berkshire towns. He evidently had a good reputation except that occasionally he got drunk. Before the trial which was held in Pittsfield a number of psychiatric experts were called to examine Mr. Wood, but none gave evidence at the trial. His sanity was not called into question. Wood appeared to be calm during the trial. The issue was whether or not it was premeditated murder. Ultimately Wood was found guilty of second-degree murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment. The mystery of his motive in killing Mrs. Hazard remained unsolved.



*Jeptha George Hazard,
husband of Hannah Hazard, in 1874.*

Christmas Shopping in 1909

by Eva Hickey Curran

One cold night in December 1909 when I was a girl of eight years of age, my mother, my Aunt Mame and I, planned to do some Christmas shopping in the center of our town of Amherst, Massachusetts. Our family, which consisted of my parents and five children, were a very happy group.

We lived on a tobacco farm in North Hadley, Massachusetts, situated two miles west of Amherst and now bordering on the property of the University of Massachusetts. In order to get to town, we had to resort to the service of our old faithful horse named 'Donnie.'

This particular shopping experience has been etched in my memory, never to be forgotten. As I was the oldest child in my family, I was chosen to accompany my mother and aunt upon this shopping tour.

The snow was very deep and the cold biting wind whipped against our faces as we three were bundled into the sleigh with old 'Donnie' doing the honors. The sleigh bells merrily pealed their sweet rhythm as we drove to the little country store in Amherst.

How happy I was as we tied 'Donnie' to the hitching post! I entered the store and my eyes beheld beautiful rows of dolls, beds, and dishes. How beautiful! It was a veritable fairyland. I feasted my eyes on a beautiful blue bed with a small overhanging canopy made of blue silk and lace. To my delight, a shelf was filled with fairy tale books of all descriptions.

I informed my mother that all I wanted for Christmas was the beautiful blue doll's bed with the canopy of blue silk and lace. She soothed my little mind by saying if I were a good girl and helped out with the work at home that Santa certainly would bring me my heart's desire. After shopping for an hour or more, we left the store and wearily deposited our packages in the bottom of the sleigh. I also had a striped bag and a long licorice stick.

Was old 'Donnie' ever glad to see us! He neighed and pawed the snow as a signal for us to get started. After my mother tucked me snugly in the sleigh, almost entirely covering me with the big black bear rug, we slowly wended our way back to the farm with the requiem of sleigh bells lulling me to sleep.

I was suddenly awakened by the shouts of Aunt Mame and my mother yelling "Whoa! Whoa, Donnie! Whoa!" My mother was holding the reins taut and trying to stop the horse from running away. It seems a bolt had become lost and the shafts of the sleigh were hitting the heels of the horse which frightened him and caused him to bolt. After much friendly persuasion, 'Donnie' stopped. My mother jumped out of the sleigh and gently patted him.

"What shall we do?" said Aunt Mame. Without further ado, Mother unhitched Donnie from the sleigh, tied the reins securely around each side of the horse's bridle, gave him a resounding slap and said, "Go home, Donnie! Go home."

Donnie trotted away out of sight. But alas! What should happen to us, I thought. I started to cry but my fears were quickly assuaged for Aunt Mame took one side of the shaft, and I was slowly pulled home for a distance of about a mile amidst the jangling of the sleigh bells.

When we arrived home, there stood old 'Donnie' quietly awaiting us at the entrance to the barn. I often recall this episode and marvel at the quick thinking of my dear mother in making such an ingenious decision in the face of danger.

* * * * *

The above story was written by mother, Eva Hickey Curran.

I found many of her writings about 'Life On The Farm' after her death in 1972.

She was a graduate of the Westfield Normal School in 1921 and taught school for a period of time in Westfield and in Suffield, Connecticut. She graduated Valedictorian of her Class from Hopkins Academy in Hadley in 1919.



HISTORY OF THE THREE COUNTY FAIR

*Presented to the Franklin Harvest Club by Josiah W. Parsons, Jr.,
but read by Phillip Norris because the author had died on February 4, 1988.*

February 6, 1988

The venerable Three County Fair was founded in 1817 — 171 years ago — by a group of Northampton men, who were most of the Town's leaders in businesses, professions, and farming. I remind you that in 1820 probably some 95% of the population were active farmers. Naturally they were interested in "Promoting Agriculture And The Domestic Arts." This phrase is a direct quote from the Charter of Incorporation granted in February 1818 by Massachusetts Governor J. Brooks and the Legislature, to the Hampshire, Franklin, and Hampden Agricultural Society. This legislative Act had been requested by 25 Northampton area men in December 1817; and it was promptly enacted by the Legislature within 2 months. A comparable Act today might require 2 years for its passage by the same authorities!

The first known Agricultural Society was organized in Dublin in 1731. But the Northampton men were presumably inspired in 1818 to organize the society here because of comparable Agricultural Societies in Boston, Worcester, and Pittsfield. In fact, Pittsfield had the first recorded agricultural exhibit on the town common in 1810—chiefly a display of sheep by Elkanah Watson. He followed this in 1811, by organizing the Berkshire Agricultural Society and its first official fair — which subsequently faded from existence.

The H.F. & H. Society, after receiving

its charter, February 16, 1818, organized its first slate of officers, May 5, 1818; issued an appeal for additional members and financial support; and raised \$100 to cover the costs and prizes of their first Fair, October 14 and 15, 1818. This first Fair endured rainy weather the first day, and good weather the second. Along "Shop Row"—now Main Street, Northampton and King Street, the livestock were displayed—"working cattle," milch cows, bulls, and Merino sheep. In the old Town Hall were the "domestic goods." Domestic goods then meant home-made sheeting, tablecloths, blue cloth (denim), diapers, mittens, boots, flannel "for pulling," and cheese. On the second day of the Fair, a plowing contest—the first ever in the area—was held off Hockanum Ferry Road on the Meadows, with first prizes to the pair of oxen, and to the horses, at \$7.00 each. This attracted a large and raucous crowd of spectators. The plowing match became the most popular feature of the Fair for years. The Society held a banquet on the first night of the Fair at the home of Levi Lyman of Shop Row (now the site of the Academy of Music). Following the meal for some 200 men and ladies, the group reassembled at the First Congregational Church to hear Noah Webster of Amherst, editor of our first American Dictionary, who gave a fine oration, reported to be "sensible, moralistic, and informa-



tive on agriculture."

The second Fair, October 1819, was held with fine weather. 200 cattle were displayed on the streets and the old Court House was filled to overflowing with domestic arts. The plowing contest was for 10 pair of oxen plowing 1/4 acre each! A banquet was served at the home of Theodore Lyman of Pudding Lane (now Pleasant Street). This Fair was credited as surpassing in size and quality those at Brighton, Worcester, and Pittsfield. The premiums of 1819 totaled \$275. Then and later these were paid off with silverware, forks, spoons, etc., showing a sheaf of wheat and the inscription "H.F. & H. Society." Do any of you now happen to have any specimens of this silverware among your family heirlooms?

The custom of an annual banquet, with an orator, continued for years. Several of the old addresses were reprinted complete, and are now available at local libraries for your study. From three or four of them, I gleaned bits of wisdom:

Progressive farming will succeed in our Valley.

Support American agriculture and industry by creating high import tariffs.

Agriculture and industry must cooperate.

Valley acres should yield 30 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of potatoes, or 1½ tons of hay per acre.

This land needs liberal manuring and the cheaper forms of lime, and crop rotation of corn, grain, and clover.

Peat mud and horse manure mixture is good, as proved at Bernardston.

Fallowing land into weeds is not good, as at Hatfield. Forget your poorest acres and re-seed your pastures.

Our river bottom land is fine for crops; and the surrounding hills for cross-bred Merino/mutton sheep.

Agriculture is the basis and the support of all other civilization. It is an honorable calling and the noblest art, and holds a commanding rank among the various occupations. (Some of this sounds to me like grange ritual.)

Agriculture in this part of the country may be made to pay an ample return.

Farmers make good husbands, but require a diligent wife.

The men must remain temperate, religious, progressive, economizing, and industrious.

In 1825 the Orator told the Society that oxen were better than horses for farm work, and they can be consumed afterwards as beef.

Some of the progress and changes of the Fair since 1818 are:

In 1819, an 80 year old woman exhibited 80 yards of her homespun sheeting. That year, prizes totaled \$275, with no fruit or vegetables shown.

In 1823, a prize was granted to Apollos Williams of Spruce Corner for his "fine maple syrup." (His father was the first settler of Spruce Corner, built the brick house there, now owned by the Ed Streetter family, and in 1823 planted the rows of rock maples along the roads, now tapped by Linwood Lesure).

In 1836, the Fair recommended that Chinese mulberry trees and Chinese silkworms be cultivated here—"a great work project for the women, children, and old folks, requiring no machinery or buildings."

The 1847 Fair exhibited 300 cattle, 172 pair of oxen, and 100 horses. By 1856, the number of oxen was decreasing, and horses increased to 156.

In 1857, Levi Stockbridge of Hadley, who later became President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College (now U. of

M.) had an exhibit of stallions.

In 1867, the Society granted its first scholarship to Robert Lyman of Easthampton, to attend Massachusetts Agricultural College in its opening years, at \$50 per year for 4 years. Today, the Fair grants over \$1,000 per year to college-bound farm students of the area.

In 1881, the Fair petitioned the Legislature to create an Agricultural Experiment Station at Amherst—which happened promptly.

From 1900 to 1915 the Fair, with nearby Granges and Farmers' Clubs, ran winter-time "Institutes" in different towns, to advance new agricultural ideas. (After 1915, the Extension Service was established for this purpose.)

By 1907, through a separate Premium Book, the Fair was encouraging local youths to participate in the Fair's displays and competitions. This was a follow-up to the ideas of William R. Hart of Amherst, who became known as the "Father of 4-H." And in 1917, the Fair erected the "4-H Building" for youth displays.

In 1850, the Fair listed classes for Ayrshires, Durhams and Herefords.

In 1902, classes listed were Ayrshires and Devons.

To help justify its name of the Three County Fair, the Fair was held in Greenfield in 1821, and in West Springfield in 1834. Greenfield's own "Franklin County Fair" was established later in 1845. From 1835 onwards, the Three County Fair has been held at Northampton continuously for 152 years.

In 1967, the U.S. Department of Agriculture duly recognized the H.F. & H. Society as the oldest on-going Fair in continuous operation in the U.S.A. This statement has become a by-line of the Fair.

Various noted men were involved with the Fair from early on: In 1818, Noah

Webster served as Vice President and then President. President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College, geologist and discoverer of the dinosaur tracks at Smith's Ferry, was the Society President, 1847-1849. Edward Dickinson, Treasurer of Amherst College, and father of Emily Dickinson, poetess, was President of the Fair 1841-1845. This list could be expanded indefinitely up to today.

In 1856, the Fair moved away from Main and King Streets. The neighbors were objecting to so many animals in their backyards, and the Society was becoming interested in horse racing. So they bought 15 acres, for \$4000, of what today is a part of Northampton's Industrial Park, fenced it in, built a 1/2 mile dirt tract for local race horses with sulkies, and erected a Judge's Stand and an Exhibit Hall. Exhibits then included 60 varieties of fruits and vegetables, straw hats, wax flowers, and rag rugs. By 1866, following the invention of the Mason jar, home-canned fruits and vegetables appeared. Admission to the Fair then was 10 cents.

Nature's catastrophes seem to fall upon the Fair. In 1878 a tornado demolished the Exhibit Hall. After that, the domestic arts were displayed in the Town Hall on Main Street, a mile away from the track and the livestock, at an admission of 20 cents.

In 1860, a rival—the Northampton Driving Park Association—opened a 1/2 mile race track on 5 acres of land at Fair Street, to compete for the racing and the betting of the area. In 1863, the H.F. & H. Society decided to buy out the Driving Park Association and moved the Fair to this new location—the present location of the Fair. The original 15 acres have since been expanded to 30 acres. The buildings gradually increased to 38 permanent buildings, including 17 horse barns to stable 350 horses. One of these buildings is

the "Frank T. Greene Display Hall," named for one of our club members who died while President of the Fair, 1965/7.

For 121 years the Fair was held in mid-October, often with cold rainy weather and low attendance. Since 1939 the Fair has been scheduled for Labor Day week, and has gradually expanded up to a ten day show. In 1936, the Connecticut River's spring flood devastated many of the horsesheds and other buildings. Then in 1938, the Great Hurricane wrecked the grounds and some buildings 10 days before the scheduled Fair's opening. Herculean efforts of clean-up allowed the Fair to go on as scheduled.

Due to these continuing financial losses, the Fair by 1941 was virtually bankrupt. Two things saved it: First: a major activity during the Fair's season is the Mid-Way. In the 1930s, this was furnished by the "California Shows," with games of chance, rides, and food concessions. In the late 1930s Eli Lagasse and his wife assumed this management. Eli was a flamboyant promoter who stimulated attendance with his hill-billy bands, midget auto races, thrill shows and high acrobatics. From 1940 on he was involved with the New England Championship Horse and Ox Drawing Contests here, which draw large crowds and free-flowing wagers. In 1955 the National Morgan Horse Show—the largest single-breed horse show of the U.S.A.—opened a 5-day show on the Fairgrounds. It is still growing in size and popularity. In 1964, the New England Poultry Association opened here, with the largest poultry show of New England. These activities helped stimulate attendance and cash flow to the Fair.

Second: The voters of Hampshire County in 1942 approved Parimutuel Horse Racing for thoroughbreds and their riders, under state supervision, in Hamp-

shire County. Every fourth year since then, this same question is easily a winner at the county's voting booths. The H.F.& H. Agricultural Society had supported the proposal from the beginning, and happily proceeded to equip the racetrack and grandstand with the necessary accoutrements for parimutuel betting, such as track improvements, tote board, betting arrangements, beer hall, etc. This has brought a new period of prosperity to the Fair. In fact, the 1987 "handle" — amount bet — at the 9-day meet was \$5,462,550. The Fair Society retains 12½% of this — some \$650,000 — to pay the track's costs and race purses, which are substantial. But the net from this pari-mutuel betting is what has allowed all the expansion and improvements on the Fairgrounds.

If you have attended the Fair recently, you no doubt have observed a dwindling quantity of livestock, 4-H activities, Grange exhibits, domestic arts, and other agricultural interests; with an accumulative emphasis on the Mid-Way, Beer Hall, and the Pari-Mutuel track. I admit that life is no longer as simple as it was in 1818, and the old Fair Society can never revert to its original interests and directions. Perhaps this is reflected also in some of the names of officers and directors of today, who for the most part are not agriculturally connected.

At the moment, the 1988 and subsequent racing seasons are uncertain. In 1945, there were four pari-mutuel tracks in Massachusetts; today surviving are Marshfield and Hampshire. Together they cannot offer large enough purses to attract good horses. There is a possibility of not running races here in the future. A few years ago, the Society built the large "Arena" on the far side of the track, used for indoor horse shows, other shows, and flea markets. For several winters, the Arena was rented out for bicycle racing,

but this winter it is rented for boat storage. One suggestion that awaits political decisions at several levels, is that the Arena can be converted to a public skating rink, operated by the City of Northampton on a 12-months-per-year plan, or possibly on an 8 months schedule, plus 4 months available to the Fair Society and the Morgan Horse Show.

If the Fair should lose its pari-mutuel racing incomes, and lose the Arena to skaters, then it will have to replan its operations, shorten its present 12-day Fair schedule, and return to an agricultural and/or business show more local in appeal and character. I suggest we all come back in a couple of decades and

observe what has really happened by then at the Three County Fairgrounds.

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Speech of Henry Coleman, 10/23/1833 to Three County Fair Banquet.







MORE BLANDFORD NOTES

*From an Historical Address by Henry B. Russell
July 1935 at Blandford Bicentennial Celebration*

From the first the pioneers wrested much profit from wood and brick was made early. Sawmills covered the hillside. A creamery, wheelwrights, tailor shops, a starch factory and hand corn mills followed. David Campbell built the first grist mill in 1745.

The rapid and unfailing brooks of Blandford, particularly of North Blandford, early provided means of water power after the crude fashion of old saw and grist mills, and towards the beginning of the town's second century other and larger industries developed and long persisted in a changing industrial area.

Owing to the depression following the War of 1812, the early effort of Amos Collins and others to manufacture woolen goods was abandoned. In 1825 however, Freegrace Norton took over the mill added to it and operated with good success. According to one authority this mill in 1837 manufactured 13,000 yards of cloth valued at \$10,000. In 1838 Edwin Ely became associated with the enterprise and the firm of Norton and Ely was prominently identified with this and other industries for several years.

Tanning began early, Robert Huston, a first settler, and the Lloyds were early in the business. Lyman, a son of James Lloyd, moved to Albany where he had the distinction of making the first gold mounted harness in America. It was sent to the London Fair of 1851 and sold to Prince Albert. The Queen sent him some medals.

The sons of John Watson, who early established a business on what is still known as Tannery Hill, became builders

of the industries of North Blandford. By 1853 the tanning business had so grown in importance as to have an annual product valued at \$38,000. Others in the business were Norton & Ely, Robinson & Brigham, Alfred Peckham, David Bates, Foot & Kyle. Daniel Fay manufactured bedsteads; Joseph Kitman made butter prints, rolling pins, etc. Gibbs Brothers and D.C. Healy both turned out wooden bowls. Lyman Gibbs had a paper mill. At one time in the decade before the Civil War the teams of Norton & Ely and Gibbs Brothers carted to the railroad at Chester Factories lumber, leather, and other products to an amount of no less than 500 tons annually.

The preeminence gained by Massachusetts many years ago in the shoe and leather business is traced back to the small town tanneries and cordwainers of a century or more ago. Blandford gained special prominence because of the home cheese industry that required large herds of cows, while oxen were the chief motor power in farming. Farmers produced the hides, tanners tanned them, and cordwainers shod the people—an example of that self-sufficiency in which Blandford was nurtured and developed. Such self-sufficiency has been the making of America.

The close relation of cheese, cattle, tanneries, and shoemaking is partly revealed in relics of pages of an old account book from 1835-1848 of an unidentified Blandford shoemaker. Sometimes farmers took their ox or cow skins or their calf skins to the tanneries to sell or to get the leather to

take to the shoemaker. Merchants exchanged wares for boots and apparently sometimes doctors got their pay in hides, tanned or untanned. The standard cordwainer price for a pair of thick boots was \$1.50. That also was the cost of a cord of wood; so accounts often show that Blandford citizens traded a cord of wood for a pair of boots.

The list of patrons of this unidentified shoemaker (perhaps Halsey Bowers) reads like a social register of the town. It included the merchants, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister as well as the farmers, and prices were the same to all. A year before Orrin Sage moved to Ware he paid 50 cents for soling and heeling a pair of calf skin shoes and twenty cents for capping a pair of boots. Shoes for Dr. Wright's family were paid for partly in cash and partly in calf skins.

The Reverend Mr. Hinsdale was a good patron of this shoemaker as appears from these entries in the 1840s: Soling a pair of boots for Harriet-30 cents; soling a pair of boots for William-38 cents; making a pair of calf skin shoes for William-\$1.75; making a pair of high calf skin shoes for James-\$2.25; and mending a pair of shoes for James-8 cents.

In various barter for shoes — butter was reckoned at 17 cents, veal 3-4 cents, beef 3½ cents, pork 7 cents a pound, and apples at 33 cents a bushel.

William C. Higgins moved his basket factory from Ringville to North Blandford about 1850 and conducted a successful business for forty years.

Addison and Charles Waite operated most successfully a card board factory from 1846-1911.



The Card-board Shop

NORTH BLANDFORD

Home of John Phelps — West Granville First High Sheriff of Hampden County

by Leona A. Clifford

In 1790, West Granville was a thriving village of sufficient size to need an attorney to supply its demands for legal services. John Phelps of Westfield, a recent Harvard graduate, saw this opportunity and decided to come here and settle.

It was then he had this imposing Georgian house built. It has been said that the bricks were especially pressed at a local kiln. There are four large outside chimneys, one at each corner, thus affording a fireplace in every room. This lovely old mansion is in the center of West Granville, close by the Congregational Church and the Village Green.

The rooms are unusually large and have many outstanding architectural features. The central hall is arched with a turned maple staircase. On the stair rail is a little brass plate placed there in the olden days to signify that the house was free of encumbrances.

No great change has ever been made to the interior of the house. It is now almost exactly as it was built; however a recent owner has changed the front doorway.

In the cellar may be seen the remains of the old cells where Dr. Phelps housed prisoners overnight. There is a large fireplace where food was prepared for them.

As a child I loved this old house. I frequented the place often, as my mother had a friend who rented the house for several summers. My sister and I played with this lady's daughter. Even as a child, I was impressed with the beauty of this charming old home.

John Phelps was born in Westfield, June 15, 1767. He was the son of John and Jerusha Lyman Phelps. At Harvard College, he studied law, and graduated in the class of 1787. A few years later, February 9, 1792, he married Miss Betsey Boise of Blandford, and she was the first mistress of this mansion. Eight children were born to John and Betsey, three sons and five daughters.

In 1812, Hampden County was set off from Hampshire County, and one of the first things that had to be done was to appoint a Sheriff. Jonathan Smith, Jr. was first chosen, but due to legal complications he stepped down, and John Phelps, the lawyer, was appointed and he is known as the First High Sheriff of Hampden County. It was at this time Springfield became the county seat. John Phelps held the position of Sheriff for eighteen years.

After his appointment as Sheriff he continued his residence in Granville, going to Springfield whenever a sitting of the Court demanded his attendance. These trips to the county seat attracted much attention, as he traveled in a fine coach and style befitting his position.

John Phelps was one of Granville's leading citizens. He served as Selectman for four years and Town Clerk for twelve years, as well as being a member of the Legislature. Even with all this and his Sheriff's duties, he found time to prepare young men to become lawyers. The noted James Cooley of Granville, John Mills, and Patrick Boise, a nephew by marriage, are a few of the young men he helped. At a later

date, Patrick Boise became Sheriff, serving from 1853 to 1855.

John Phelps descends from William Phelps¹ who, with his brother George, landed at Nantasket (now Hull, Massachusetts) in the fall of 1635. Then follows Nathaniel², Nathaniel³, then John⁴ of Northampton, then John⁵ of Granville.

John Phelps of Granville was first cousin to the Phelps of the Porter-Phelps Huntington House in Hadley, Massachusetts. The diary of Elizabeth Porter Phelps, published in several issues of the New England Cenealogical and Historical Register, gives an interesting account of life in that weil-to-do family. Frequently she mentions Cousin John from Granville. John's father and Elizabeth's father were brothers.

Hon. John Phelps died at his home on January 1, 1832, aged 64. Betsey soon followed; she died January 26, 1832. They were both victims of that common scourge, tuberculosis. Two sons named William Henry predeceased them. One at the age

of 8 years died of whooping cough; the other child was an infant. Much later Eli Boise Phelps, aged 67, died in Westfield, but was buried here in the family plot.

On John and Betsey's monument the inscription reads "Their life, their death, their grave were one."

I consider it an honor to have had John Phelps live so much of his life in "my town."

* * * * *

John Phelps' daughters were:

Eliza m. Joseph Parsons
Melissa m. Dr. Silas Wright
Nancy m. Thomas Marshall
Maria m. Elihu Baker
Martha m. Andrew Sparhawk

Sons:

William Henry died young
William Henry died age 8
Eli Boise Phelps born 1789,
died aged 67



LOCAL INTELLIGENCE — NORWICH

October 12, 1886 — Hampshire Gazette

contributed by Stanley Greenberg

Pisgah as It Was and as It Is

The past summer my young friend and myself had the privilege of spending several weeks there, and while there for convenience and amusement we planned to name the high summit east of Pisgah Mt. Nebo, it being in the western part of Westhampton, and for the two weeks time we were there, we saw and learned many interesting incidents of Pisgah's past history. In what direction would you travel and find in the distance of three miles, as many old deserted homesteads as on Pisgah? Were you to travel the old road, your attention would be arrested in seeing so many old chimneys and cellars, and were you told that seventy-five and a hundred years ago there were then living there, a prosperous and happy people, that enjoyed in a high degree individual and neighborhood happiness, you would be astonished. Some of the primeval ancestors, whose names we learned, we will mention. The Strongs, Bancrofts, Alvords, Comstocks, Ewells, Lymans, Taylors, Weeks, Dimocks, Sandfords, Edwards, Durrah, Kulghis, Diamonds, Chilson. In some instances there were several families of the same name, and in those days according to custom, military trainings were in order, and from the inhabitants of Pisgah twenty-four soldiers were under drill at one time. When the war of the revolution commenced, out of the quota of

men furnished in town, Halsey Sandford of Pisgah served as a revolutionary soldier. There are living in town today those who attended school there seventy-five years ago; and were you to converse with them you would find these citizens frequently occupied with memories of the past, and they seem to take great pleasure in relating incidents that happened in Pisgah in the days of their youth. We were informed that seventy-five years ago there was a well supported school, with forty or fifty scholars, and that in those days fifteen or twenty well-loaded teams were driven every Sunday morning to the then old Norwich Hill church, to listen to the preaching of the Gospel by Rev. Stephen Tracy, who was installed May 23, 1781. The second pastor was Rev. Benj. Woodbridge, who was ordained and installed Oct. 17, 1779.

Pisgah, for this region, was a fine farming country, and today you cannot but observe the excellent pasture land and that it holds out in productiveness remarkably well. In those pastures were splendid cattle and a variety of breeds; in one pasture there were over fifty head; there were Holsteins, Jerseys, Alderneys and Herefords. There were several pairs of beautiful closely-matched Hereford steers, good enough to take the first premium at any cattle show.

Another interesting feature of which I will make a brief mention, is that on the

heights of Pisgah two streams take their rise and flow in different directions. The one flowing south runs through the western part of Westhampton, passing the house of Leander Rhodes; the one north, starts on about the same level, forming the large stream over which the towns of Chesterfield and Huntington have the past season built an iron bridge. This stream is capable of furnishing abundant water power. Formerly these streams were noted for trout-fishing, but those that have fished there this season have given them a hard reputation, on account of the scarcity of fish and the great abundance of mosquitoes. We could but observe that in the vicinity of most of these old chimneys were to be seen the shrubs usually found, such as the primrose, the lilac, the old-fashioned yellow lily, etc.

Noticeable, also, are the remains of large apple orchards, some of them in a

dilapidated condition, however, while yet some are quite thrifty. Most of them were grafted, and it is quite evident that they were once well cared for, and that by skillful hands. We were told that these trees were planted by the early fathers, some sixty, some seventy-five, some one hundred years since. Horace Weeks and wife are the only inhabitants now living on Pisgah, and they seem to enjoy life better than the average of people. Mr. Weeks is quite an old man, but is yet well posted on the early history of Pisgah. He owns a small place, where they spend their summers, and in early winter migrate to a more acceptable country. To close, we must say that the two weeks that we spent on Pisgah will long be remembered, and if my young friend and I live to see another year we shall early take into consideration places of resort: Saratoga, White Mountains, the sea-side, or Pisgah.



MRS. HULDA BURDICK,

an intriguing Chester woman

by Lucy Conant

The minerals of the extensive collection given by Mrs. Hulda Burdick to the Hamilton Memorial Library of Chester are now back on their shelves in the oak cases in the newly relocated museum adjacent to the library. Mrs. Burdick spent over thirty years assembling this collection of minerals which came from countries throughout the world. These minerals represent the efforts of an interesting woman from Chester who played a unique role in the development of emery and corundum mining in this country.

In 1864 Dr. Herman S. Lucas, a local physician, discovered that what was thought to be iron ore located in the hills behind the village of Chester was actually emery, a rare mineral in the United States. Most emery used by the abrasive industry had been imported from Turkey. The Hampden Emery Company was formed with Dr. Lucas as president, and mining operations began. In 1874 legal problems developed and Dr. Lucas temporarily lost control of the Chester mines. Mrs. Hulda Burdick, who had been the auditor of the Chester company, went with Dr. and Mrs. Lucas on a trip south to attempt to locate new sources of abrasive material.

At a museum in Raleigh, North Carolina they found a crystal of corundum which had been discovered by a mountaineer named Hiram Crisp, who found this stone on his land in Culasaja near Franklin in the mountainous western part of the state. The stone aroused his

curiosity because of its appearance and weight. The site known as Corundum Hill where the stone had been found was purchased and mined by people searching for gems, with no thought of the commercial value of corundum as an abrasive.

"Naturally the little party from up north did not make public the nature of their errand. Setting out from Franklin by horseback they followed the bridle paths for the seven miles up to Corundum Hill, where they soon reached the abandoned mine. It consisted of a deep hole sunk in the surface of the earth. There being no means of descent into the hole, they were obliged to turn back, but returned the next day with a rope which was tied about Mrs. Burdick, and she was lowered by Dr. Lucas to the bottom of the hole. There she took some samples of the deposit from various spots as directed by the doctor, and was finally drawn to the surface again with her samples."

After Dr. and Mrs. Lucas returned north, Hulda Burdick was left in charge. In order to keep in direct touch with the mining operations she rode on horseback to the mine every day, crossing two fords on the Culasaja River. "In her capacity of paymaster she was obliged to undertake long and arduous trips to isolated points, exposing herself to unexpected dangers and perilous adventures which a less intrepid woman might have deliberately avoided."

Deposits of corundum were also

found at Laurel Creek, Georgia. This was seventeen miles from Walhalla, South Carolina, the nearest town, and forty miles from Culasaja on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. With four men Mrs. Burdick opened the mine at Laurel Creek, which equalled the one at Culasaja and became known as the mine of "white corundum."

Since there was no mail connection with Walhalla, it was necessary to ride forty miles by horseback over the mountains to Culasaja. When a post office was established at Laurel Creek, Mrs. Burdick, who was already postmistress at Culasaja, was made postmistress at Laurel Creek as well. Thus she had the unique distinction of being postmistress in two towns located many miles apart in the two states of Georgia and North Carolina.

Culasaja and Laurel Creek were important corundum mines until 1893 when mining was halted due to the cheaper price of foreign ore imported without a tariff. Mrs. Burdick spent thirty years in this area, working for twenty eight of those years as an official of the Hampden Emery and Corundum Company. It was during this time that she acquired her collection of minerals, piece by piece, through purchase and barter. Local peo-

ple in the area knew of her interest and brought her stones and minerals which they had found. She also collected Indian artifacts, including pottery, arrowheads, and axes.

When she returned to Chester where her sister, Mrs. Mary Pomeroy, wife of Hiram L. Pomeroy, lived on William Street, Hulda Burdick brought her collection of minerals with her. In 1923, she presented them to the Chester Public Library which had just moved into its new building.

A 1923 newspaper article describes Mrs. Burdick's knowledge of mining and minerals as being remarkable. "Although now past 80, and the oldest surviving member of the Hampden Corundum Company, she is as keenly interested in the fate and future of corundum in this country as she was when she was an active participant in its fortunes and director of its destinies.

"Mrs. Burdick's generous gift to the Chester Library will serve as a constant reminder of the rich secret which the hills of Chester still guard, of the persistent vision of the physician-miner, and of the courage and enterprise of the donor herself." Mrs. Burdick died in Chester on September 11, 1931 at the age of 89.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The material for this article was obtained from a folder of clippings which is in the museum with the collection.

Does anyone have additional information about Mrs. Hulda Burdick? Are there any pictures of her? Who was her husband?

In the thirty-first annual report of the trustees of Chester Public Library which records Mrs. Burdick's gift, it states "This has been supplemented by another gift of minerals from Mrs. Eva Murphy, daughter of the late Alec Macia, who was foreman of the local mines." Does anyone have information about this family?

Hitting 'Em Hard

*contributed by
Winifred Besancon and Ruth Salvini*

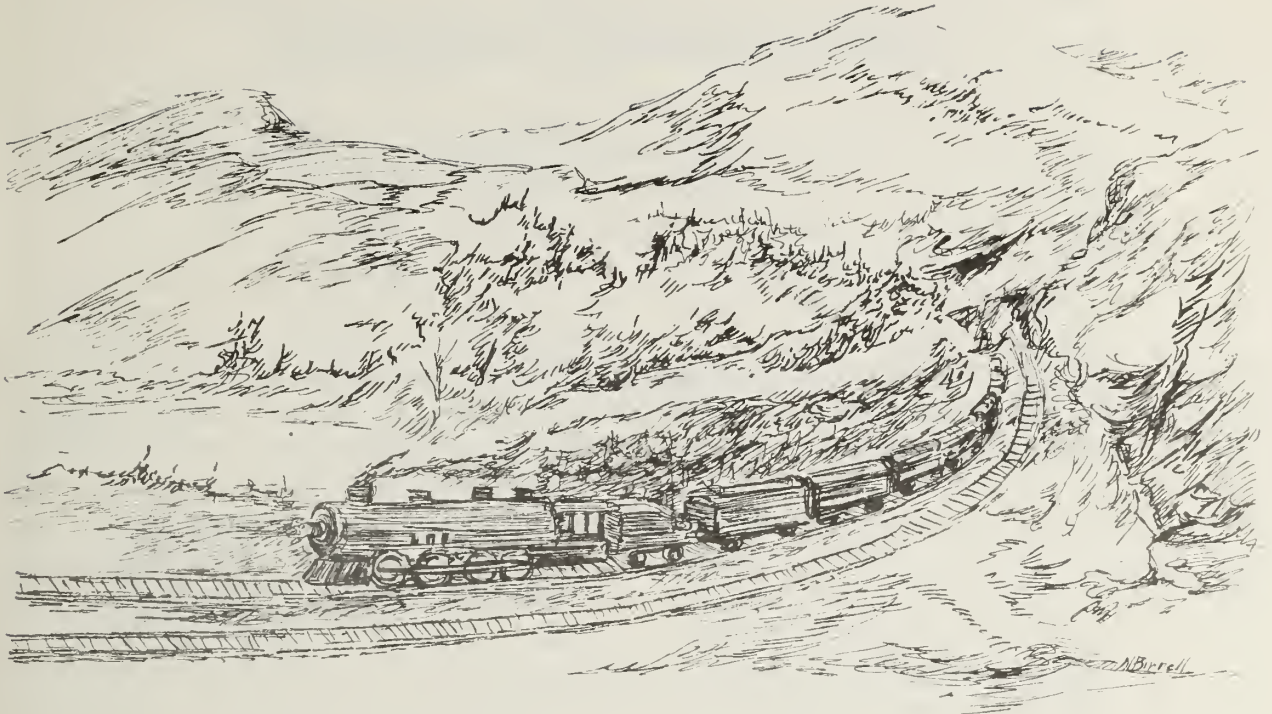
There's a train that's still a running, On the good old B and A
And it used to carry signals, For a Dutch crew, so they say.
Bill Kibbe pulled the throttle; He sure could make a run;
And when it came to racing, We sure did have some fun.
I'll fire once more for Kibbe, In my dreams with him I'll ride
Out upon the West End, By the Westfield River's side.

Green lights are on the markers, For the freight is running high.
And the train is in two sections, There's another standing nigh.
Now we have the signal, That lets us out the yard
And the 35 keeps slipping, If he pulls her out too hard.
Soon we are on the main line, And go roaring up the track
The fire-boy grabs his shovel, And begins to bend his back.

Now the whistle's sounding signal, For the Dutch crew coming fast
And near the track beside us, A tower we are going past
Soon the Mica mill we are passing, On the hill beside the track
Kibbe reaches for his lever, And gives the latch a whack.
For 48 is coming, And we have got to make her hum
And the grade is growing steeper; We have got to hit her some.

Now, we are up among the Berkshires, Where the hill is long and steep;
But the fire beneath the boiler, Is white and hot and deep
And the 35 keeps barking, As she rounds another bend,
For we have the pressure, Down through the pipes to send.
The valves are not a-sticking, The pistons do not blow,
The pump is not a-leaking, To waste the steam, oh, no.
Bill Kibbe knows his business, He has pulled a train or two!
And he knows that any fire-boy, Has got his work to do.

The pop valve is not a-sissing, The steam is never low;
There is not much about an engine, That Kibbe doesn't know!
Soon the red lights go sailing, Down the hill past Dalton town,
Kibbe's hand is on the brake valve, He has slowed the fast freight down.
For we are stopping at the Junction; We'll get some water there,
And then we'll go through Chatham, Just as fast as we can dare
Why leave your Conductor? The dispatcher sternly asked,
When he dropped off Becket, Till 48 was passed.



Thirty-eight's long car lengths, Betwixt the engine lie,
I had no rope to tie him, Nor any handcuffs nigh!
The train was long and heavy, It sure would break in two.
O.K. said the dispatcher, That will do for you.
Now we are returning, For we have had our rest
And on the homeward journey, We sure will do our best.
Perhaps we will give a stock train, I hope so for I'd like
To see the 35 go sailing, Down through state line like a kite!
But, no! We have the coal cars, A long and heavy train.
But we can pull them, Sonny,
If the fire-boy stands the strain.

Now we're going by Pain's siding; The train is hard to go
We will get skinned home this trip, That I surely know
Now four long shrill whistles, Are calling for track four
We're not taking any chances, We have pulled coal trains before
Soon we are going up by Canaan; There's another train in back'
Kibbe drops his lever, Of steam there is no lack.

There's a fast freight gang a-coming, Up track two to beat the band,
Now the 35 starts slipping, Kibbe's giving her the sand.
Neck and neck through the long, dark tunnel, Those roaring engines go
Perhaps we'll land in glory, One can never know!

With smoke 'we both are choking; There is nothing we can do,
And down the rocks come pounding, On the cab roof too!

And the sparks they sure are flying, From the other engine's stack
But the tires they are a-losing, And the pressure's going back.
First the shaker bar goes flying, Into a cornfield near,
Then the grates go sailing, Down by the track; oh, dear!
Kibbe's hands are on the throttle, To ease her down a bit.
"Couldn't skin us, could they Sonny? For we sure can hit."
The other engine is dying, They are lagging way in back
And the fire-boy's head is bobbing, Up and down within the stack!
For we sure did hit 'em, Just as hard as hard could be
When Bill Kibbe pulled the throttle, On Fast Freight L.S.3.

N.F. Sikes

New Haven, VT — Jan. 30, 1935

Engineer, William Kibbe's Retirement Occasion for Verses.

"Hitting" in railroad language means to work the engine unduly hard.



"More Memories"

by Jean J. Cooper

Sometimes, until we grow up and compare notes with others, we aren't aware that their lives are different from ours or vice versa. Perhaps we envied friends who had both parents but mostly we accepted our lot and dreamed of what we'd do "when we grew up."

We had no money to join Boy or Girl Scouts or to take piano lessons, but we had library cards. While living in a children's home after our mother's death, we walked a long distance to church. Nearby was the library, and I read every available book on Roman and Greek mythology, thus enjoying the rich world of fantasy.

Life in the children's home could be the subject for a whole story in itself. It was not unusual that we were "boarded out" when our mother became seriously ill and later died. Sometimes we were separated but my brother and sister were always together, in accordance with a death-bed promise to our mother. My father also promised to give us a Protestant upbringing, so at one time I was whisked from a good home with an older cousin—just before First Communion. Now I am grateful for the insight provided by those months of learning.

After my departure, the cousins took in State boys who in turn called them "Ma" and "Pa." (Perhaps they, too, learned a bit of French in order to converse with the in-law grandparents, as I did). Numerous other relatives followed

this practice, and in reading our family history, you'll see foster children listed as family members. Benefits were at least two-fold. The children had good homes and farmers had help with the chores. That may have meant not paying a hired girl or a hired man. The bigger your family the more help you had.



A lot of love was generated in those extended families. Just a few years ago, I attended a wake and was greeted by one of the foster boys who stood by his "Mom" in every way that a son could. To him, I am "family."

No doubt there were instances in which the children had a less than happy existence but of those I know, the quality of life was good. Most children grew up to be decent citizens and made their way in life.

Our personal experience helped the three of us Joyals. We were determined to "make good," which didn't necessarily mean wealthy. Separation made us lonely, but created a strong bond and made us realize how much alike we three are.

Families helped each other in time of need. Anyone down on his luck could turn to the town selectmen for assistance but it was a matter of pride not to. We usually made do with what we had, raising what crops we could. I did get tired of turnips, cabbage and salt pork! Hand-me-down clothes were welcome and could sometimes be made over to be quite stylish. At twelve, I made a dress from curtains while my stepmother was away on a visit. I don't recall her reaction but I did enjoy that dress!

Travelers passing through were welcomed at mealtimes and even to spend the night. We had one delightful visit in Goshen with a Canadian who was returning home. A neighbor had directed him to our house, knowing that our father was French. He was thrilled to be able to converse with someone in his native tongue!

It was in just such a manner that our father surprised his parents after an absence of several months. He was young then and had been working out of town. During that time, he had grown a beard.

Washing his hands at the kitchen sink, he happened to catch his mother's eye in the mirror. She dropped whatever she was holding and cried "C'est Alfred!" Playing a joke like that was typical of him.

He loved a joke but life isn't always funny. His family was precious and he kept us together as long as he could. When continued ill health made his life an agony, he humbly asked for help. Mr. George Barrus as head selectman of Goshen kindly found homes for us children and arranged hospital care for our father. We saw him just once after that.

Shortly afterward, we were taken to Boston and processed by the Dept. of Child Welfare. Yes, we became "state kids." At 14, I was bewildered, lonely and humiliated. It still hurts to remember.

Although times have changed for all of us, the principles by which we live have not. We have tried to instill in our own children the same values which have given us inner strength and happiness. Church involvement has played a real part in this.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then we have known that sweet blessing, since our children are raising their families in the same way. We're forever counting noses and just love to gather as many of the family as possible. When our seven are in one room, that is a real joy!

My brother, Alfred Joyal, is crossing the country for the 80th reunion of our father's family and our sister, Dorothy (Joyal) Carroll will be with us. Each time we three are together is special.

"Blessed be the tie that binds."

Previous articles by Jean J. Cooper include: "My Autobiography," Winter 1987-1988.

“Sacred To The Memory of . . .”
HILLTOWN CEMETERY

*No carrara paves
Those country graves
Just gray granite headstones humble.*

*Above each weed-grown grave
Crude rune and stave
On sandstone steles crumble.*

*No bouquet or wreath
For those beneath,
Only orange hawkweeds bending,*

*And lichens drab
Obscures dates on slab.
No mourners now attending.*

*“Departed this life . . .”
Someone’s estimable wife,
“Beloved spouse of helpmate.”*

*Carved markers rot
O’er grandsire or tot,
Forlornly leans the litch-gate*

*It’s long years since
Garlands graced those plinths,
Or cortege filed by the pickets.*

*The Reaper claimed
The unsung or famed . . .
Now the requiem’s chirped by crickets.*

Ann Sherwood

HUNTINGTON

From the Hampshire Gazette

July 17, 1875

The latest sensation here comes in the line of gold digging. Several men are engaged sinking a shaft in a quartz ledge just over the line in Blandford. They have already had some intimations of success and seem to feel confident that they shall be richly rewarded with heaps of gold for all their labor and expense. The result is yet to be seen.

E.S. Snow, agent for Johnson's patent force pump, has introduced large numbers of that machine into this community. It is just what every family needs. For clearing water pipes, washing windows, and extinguishing fires it is almost indispensable. It works easily and has large power. As a sprinkler for gardens and flower beds it is unsurpassed. It thus commends itself not only to the ladies but to

all the lovers of the beautiful. It may be used for throwing liquids on trees, shrubs, and plants for the destruction of insects, with great advantage. If any doubt try it.

The Highland Mill has been shut down for a few days that repairs might be made on the water course. Arrangements have been made to avoid the obstructions of ice in the raceway. A superior quality of flannel is now manufactured there as well as some of the finest lap robes in the market.

The Selectmen are laying new plank on the iron bridge in the village.

G.M. Lindsey has received the tax-bills with authority to call in the money. Walk up to the Captain's office, gentlemen, and settle at a discount.

From the Hampshire Gazette

September 4, 1877

The development of the Blandford mica mine by Dr. Lucas and his company, who have a capital of \$50,000 and talk of building a crushing mill adjacent to their sawmill, but on the other side of the river, has set every farmer in the region at work testing the rocks in his pastures and called in various amateur mineralogists from abroad. The latter report a fine ledge of quartz, feldspar and probably mica on the Horatio W. Lyman place in Chester, about a mile and a half from the Lucas mine,

three-fourths of a mile from the mill and about three miles from Huntington village. The ledge rises out of the pasture some 10 feet, and is from a quarter to a half a mile in length. The mica is plainly seen, and Mr. Lyman is urged to open the rock and is likely to do so. Indications of a mica ledge have also been found on the Foot farm, only a few rods from the Chester meeting house, and the same parties find likely indications of mica on the high hill west of the Williamsburg depot.

Genealogical Queries

Compiled by Grace Wheeler

Need names of the parents of *Calvin Morey Sr.* Also need dates and places of his birth, death and marriage to *Catherine B. Hoskins*. Who were her parents? Catherine died 15 July 1854, age 83y 3m 3d, at Blandford, MA. It is said that they came from Colebrook, CT, but Colebrook has no record of them. Their son, *Calvin Morey Jr.*, died in Becket, MA 17 Mar 1888 during the big blizzard. Did they have other children? Any info on this family will be appreciated.

Patricia B. Gibbs (Mrs. Richard W.)
104 Sly Run Place
Noblesville, IN 46060

Seek information on *Samuel Dearing* who died June 22, 1846 at Becket, Mass., and his wife *Nancy* — who died May 14, 1864 also at Becket.

Mrs. Nancy J. Pennington
6204 Halifax Ave.
S. Edina, MN 55424

Would like to hear from descendants of *Grove Church* and his wife *Julia Noble* of Washington, and Granville, Mass. Late 1880s.

Mrs. Carol Wheeler
288 Howard Street
Northborough, MA 01532

Need death date and place of burial of *Lydia Walker* born July 11, 1762 at Becket, Mass. She was the daughter of *Timothy* and *Elizabeth (Stiles) Walker*. She married about 1779 *Timothy Hall*.

June T. Ormond
1703 Lexington
Medland, TX 79705-8417

Looking for information regarding log-drives on the Westfield River. Also am interested in any material, or older residents' reminiscences, pertaining to the history of canoeing on the Westfield River.

Michael C. Reis
Research Historian
Crosspaths
Management Systems, Inc.
Suite 204
Washington, D.C. 20012

Would like to correspond with anyone having information on *Hannah Button*, daughter of *Amy* and *Mathias Button* who was born in Hebron, NY 1816 and married *Oliver Currier* of Norwich, Mass. Jan. 13, 1843.

Mrs. Ruth Anderson
159 Louis Road
Springfield, MA 01118

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The Wall Street Journal
September 29, 1988

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